Oth. Well, thou doest best.
Lod. Sir, you shall vnderstand what hath befalne,
Which, as I thinke you know not: here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slaine *Roderigo*;
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*; to be vndertooke --- by *Roderigo*.
Oth. O villaine.
Cas. Most heathenish, and most grosse.
Lod. Now heres another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it seemes,
Roderigo meant to haue sent this damned villaine,
But that belike, *Iago*, in the nicke
Came in, and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernitious caitiffe!
How came you *Cassio* by a handkercher,
That was my wifes?
Cas. I found it in my chamber,
And he himselfe confest it euen now,
That there he dropt it, for a speciall purpose;
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O foole, foole, foole.
Cas. There is besides in *Roderigoes* letter
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him,
Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came,
That I was cast; and euen but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this roome, and goe with vs,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cypres*: for this slaue,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: you shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the *Venetian* State; come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you, a word or two,
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't;

No